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Parade of Poetry 1991

Sixth
Annual
Stephan G.
Stephansson
Anthology



Alberta

CULTURE AND MULTICULTURALISM



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About the Poet

Born in 1853 on a small poverty-stricken farm in northern Iceland, Stephan G. Stephansson faced a life long of challenge, change and achievement. Stephan and his family emigrated from Iceland in 1873, eventually homesteading in 1889 in an area now known as Markerville. Farmer by day and poet by night, Stephansson wrote powerful verse on the themes of politics, family, nature and his own immigration experience. Long acclaimed in Iceland, Stephansson's work, in translation, is now gaining recognition here in his adopted homeland.

Stephansson House Historic Site, approximately 30 minutes south-west of Red Deer, offers guided tours and interpretive programmes 10:00 am to 6:00 pm seven days a week from mid-May to Labour Day. For additional information, telephone (403) 728-3929.



Stephansson House Provincial Historic Site

Wish and Intent (1891)

*I wish to be a youngster
All my lifelong days.
O'er rocky ways I'd wander
And green and level lays
I'd travel ever heartily
And hurdles over go
When trembling with anxiety
It's time for one to grow.*

*I aim to be youngster
All my lifelong days
To read and write and wonder
Forever ask and ponder
Makes life worthwhile to live
And easy to forgive.*

From: **Selected Translations
from Andvökur**
The Stephan G. Stephansson
Homestead Restoration
Committee 1982

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The Sixth Annual Stephan G. Stephansson Parade of Poetry

During the 1990 / 91 school year, Historic Sites and Archives Service, Alberta Culture and Multiculturalism, once again sponsored the sixth Annual Stephan G. Stephansson Parade of Poetry for school age children in central Alberta. This literary event has two objectives: to create an awareness of Stephan G. Stephansson, Canada's Poet of the Rocky Mountains and his poetry; and to provide an opportunity for students to express themselves in verse.

Poems were judged by an independent panel of volunteer judges. One winner and two Honourable Mentions were chosen in each of the grade categories 3 - 12. The winning poems were read and prizes awarded by the guest poet, Mrs. Eleanor Oltean, at "Poets' Day", on June 1st, 1991 in Markerville, Alberta, near Stephan G. Stephansson's homestead.

This Anthology contains the ten first place and twenty Honourable Mention poems as selected by our judges. We know you will enjoy reading them.

People

People, there are many kinds of people
Some are fat and some are thin.
Some are even like a pin.

Some are black and some are white
And most everyone gets in a fight.

Some were raised here and some just came
But one thing that's really true
Is that we should be treated all the same.

First Place
Assar Grinde
Grade Three
Bluffton School
Bluffton

AUTUMN

ONE WINDY AUTUMN DAY,
THE BIRDS ALL FLEW AWAY.
THE ANIMALS GO TO SLEEP
THE FROGS HOP AND LEAP.
LOTS OF LEAVES ON THE GROUND,
WERE TWIRLING ROUND AND ROUND.
I LIKE AUTUMN!
THE LEAVES ARE TURNING BROWN,
ORANGE AND UPSIDE DOWN.

Honourable Mention
Alexander Handy
Grade Three
St. Patrick Community School
Red Deer

Peas

Green, slimy, mushy
too. I don't know how
you can eat them.

They
stick
to
your
teeth.

When
you
eat
them
juice
comes
out
and
squirts
you
in
the
FACE!!

Honourable Mention
Adam Hunsche
Grade Three
St. Elizabeth Seton School
Red Deer

Rainbow

Deep in the forest there were green, green trees,
The crisp little raindrops fell drip, drop, drip,
There was a beautiful little river that sparkled from
the breeze,

The roses bloomed like cherry blossoms bit, by bit,
by bit.

The rain pounded harder and fell on the ground,
Grass was soon sparkling,
Roses now drowned,
I came to the meadow and saw the rain stop.

Red, Blue, Yellow, and Green, lit up the sky,
The most beautiful colours I had ever seen,
Animals came out, the birds sure did fly,
Colours were lighting the sky everywhere.

Red, Blue, Yellow, and Green
The colour disappeared one by one,
The most beautiful sky I had ever seen,
Was gone but is still in my heart.

First Place
Ashley Stewart
Grade Four
Stettler Elementary School
Stettler

Candy In The Sky

There is candy way up high

As high up as a bird can fly

Oh how I wish I could go up in the sky

Oh how I wish I could see the gumdrops,

Jelly beans and jaw breakers

How I wish I could go up in the sky

The clouds are made of whipped cream,

The sun's a lemon drop!

How I wish I could fly up in the sky.

But I'd like to stay down on the ground

And eat real candy with my friends all round.

Honourable Mention
Nicole Westgeest
Grade Four
St. Elizabeth Seton School
Red Deer

The oak tree

The big oak tree stands in the frosty mid air.
Its trunk stands cold, and its branches hang bare.
It shivers a shiver. It shakes a quick shake.
It sags in the coldness. Its branches start to break.
But soon the rain comes, followed by sun.
Its branches become strong. Its leaves are no longer numb.
It no longer shivers, and sags in the cold air.
Instead stands up straight with warmth and care.

Honourable Mention

Kristy Tchir

Grade Four

Stettler Elementary School

Stettler

The Path of the Stream

A sparkling dark blue stream,
running
through a bright,
sun-ray streaked forest,
among dark green pine trees,
looming
above the treetops
through grass swaying,
in the cool breeze,
a clearing filled with beautiful flowers
of different kinds and smells,
under outstretched poplar branches
with mosquitoes buzzing in the shade,
rippling under tall aspens
filled with birds of different colours
chirping in their happiness,
until it drifts lazily into a flat pool,
as clear as glass,
with silver trout zipping in and out
among bright green reeds,
bright green reeds scattered in clumps
among the surface,
broken only by ripples of the occasional animal
coming for a drink on a hot day.
that is the path of a sparkling dark blue stream.

First Place
Cameron Dowling
Grade Five
Lacombe Christian School
Lacombe

The Sea

By the seashore
I sit
listening
Listening to the waves
Splashing!
Splashing on jagged rocks!
Splashing on sandy shores!
Lovely stormy sea.

By the seashore
I sit
watching
watching the waves moving.
Moving higher, higher
higher than a tree
then tumbling
tumbling back down again
into the lovely stormy sea.

By the seashore
I sit waiting
waiting for it to churn
churn up again
so I can watch the waves go higher, higher
so I can hear them come roaring,
roaring down again
with tremendous might.

Honourable Mention
Christine Luymes
Grade Five
Lacombe Christian School
Lacombe

The Poor Old Man

I looked through my window,
When I saw a man,
All by himself, sitting by a garbage can.
Saying nothing, just looking around,
Sitting on the hard rock ground.
I spotted a tear running down his eye,
And then he gave a big deep sigh,
Then all of a sudden, he started to cry
I felt very sorry for the poor old man,
Just sitting there by the garbage can.

Honourable Mention

Lindsay Blair

Grade Five

St. Elizabeth Seton School

Red Deer

An Inside

A lot of people know the surface side of me the
side they see while I'm working or when I'm
struggling through the day..

But there is another side of me - an inside - the
part that people never see...

It is the part that holds a thousand thoughts;

the part that cherishes friendships, love and
cares.

the part that has dreams, desires and prayers.

The inside has so many moods the outside
never shows

For once in my life though...

I've found someone who I can trust with
my deepest feelings and secrets and that someone
seems to be you.

First Place
Aaryn Lightboun
Grade Six
Spruce View School
Spruce View

Wild Horses

I wander the Prairies,
No one shall saddle me,
My strides are like the wind,
My shadow is like a forbidden image.
My eyes are like diamonds
My mane like flowing silk
The other horses all respect me
For the things of the world that I have seen,
I'll always be free,
Dancing in the hot summer dust.

Honourable Mention
Janelle Jensen
Grade Six
Mecca Glen School
Ponoka

The Eagle

Soaring through the silent night's air
Circling
Diving
Clenching talons
A terrified squeal
Then, swift as a midnight meteor
He rises higher
And higher
He lands on his perch
Tearing
Swallowing
Until all has disappeared

Honourable Mention
Christina Marie Schutlz
Grade Six
Crestomere School
Lacombe

A WISH FOR YOU, MY CHILD

If there could be only one thing in life for
me to teach you, I would teach you to love...
To respect others so that you may find respect
in yourself.
To learn the value of giving, so that if ever
there comes a time in your life that someone
really needs, you will give.
To act in a manner that you would wish to be
treated; to be proud of yourself
To laugh and smile as much as you can, in order
to help bring joy back into this world
To have faith in others; to be understanding
To stand tall in this world and to learn to
depend on yourself
To only take from this earth those things which
you really need, so there will be enough for
others
To not depend on money or material things for
your happiness, but
To learn to appreciate the people who love you,
the simple beauty that God gave you and to find
peace and security within yourself
To you, my child, I hope I have taught all of
these things, for they are love.

First Place
Laura McGillawee
Grade Seven
*Christ the King Junior/
Senior High School*
Leduc

The New Kid

Our Baseball team never did very much
We had me, Grant, Earl and Dutch.
And the Rimbey Flames always got beat
Until the new kid moved in on our street.

The kid moved with a mitt and a bat
And an official New York Yankees hat.
The new kid plays second base
And can outrun us all in any race.

The kid never muffs or grounds a fly
No matter how hard it's hit or how high.
And the kid always acts quite polite
He never yells, spits or starts any fights.

We played the league champs just last week
they were trying to break our winning streak.
In the last inning the score was one - one,
when the new kid swung and hit a home run.

A few of the kids and their parents say
they don't believe the new kid should play
But she's as good as me, Grant, Dutch or Earl
So we don't care that the new kid's a girl!

Honourable Mention
Brad Nickoriuk
Grade Seven
*Rimbey Junior/Senior
High School*
Rimbey

My Hope Chest

I looked into my hope chest
After childhood days were gone.
I saw the things of wonder
Stashed away from life so long.

In the box when I was young
I placed my special things.
My pictures, projects, diaries
Special memories, laughs and rings.

I treasured all these things with love
And proudly showed them off.
Now when I open up the lid
Dust flies and makes me cough.

Those things grew then, so dear to me
But now are dearer still.
For years have passed and etched their lines
Upon this face, until...

Remembering is painful, Remembering is sweet.
Remembering will always be a special part of me.

Honourable Mention

Rachel Iblings

Grade Seven

Caroline School

Caroline

FREEDOM

They race
across the wide
green fields,
With mane and
tails flying free.
Hooves pounding the
staccato beat of rain,
In the warm blue
summer day.
They stop and
turn on their
strong, black feet,
Flinging their heads
toward the sky,
Free, free to the
wildness they love
In the wide, wide
world of freedom.

First Place
Dawna Burkinshaw
Grade Eight
Crestomere School
Lacombe

Ode To A Tiny Raindrop

The wind is slightly blowing,
in remembrance of the rainfall.
Alone, sitting on a drenched leaf
is one tiny raindrop, one awkward black sheep.
It is like a human tear, slowly trickling down
the leaf cheeks until it reaches the tip.
There it is, hanging on for its life,
it falls downward to its defeat.
Just like a salty tear splashing from a face.
It forms a small wave,
as it falls into the puddle beneath it.
There in the darkening puddle the one tiny raindrop
is no longer alone.

Honourable Mention
Tanya Weaver
Grade Eight
Caroline School
Caroline

The Titanic

And on her maiden voyage then,
So sparkling, rich and new;
The people, gay and ready to sail;
The sailors, with their mops and pails.

But never did they think of that,
Which would befall them then!
An iceberg looming up ahead,
Where'd be their farewell and death-bed.

They said "farewell" to all on dock,
It shouldn't have been their last.
They went downstairs and had a ball,
And saw the splendor of it all.

The chandelier, the velvet floor,
The paintings on the walls,
The servants, stewards, maids and such
They were on hand at just a touch.

And then the fateful moment came,
The icebergs came and cut,
a good sized hole into the boat,
Just stabbing its protective coat.

Not much ado was made about,
The slowly sinking ship.
The people went on gaily still,
Just waiting 'til there came the kill.

Then finally the life-boats low'red,
And partially filled they left,
And those that stayed were left to die,
It's just too bad they couldn't fly.

But brave they were, they met their death,
The slowly sinking ship
Went down; stay up? 'Course it could not,
And in its grave was left to rot.

And there it lies.

Honourable Mention
Lorraine Makus
Grade Eight
Queen Elizabeth Junior
High School
Wetaskiwin

COUGAR

The magnificent creature looks menacingly
over the barren cliff,
His breath visible in the cold morning air,
His coat still damp from the dew of last night.
Slowly, he crawls down along the shale,
His claws gripping at the mossy rocks.
The trees seem to copy the movement of the beast,
Its smooth action, so graceful
so soft, without a sound.
The skin ripples over his muscles,
So slick
 So powerful
 So silent
 So cougar.

First Place
Stephen Clifford
Grade Nine
Bluffton School
Bluffton

STAY WITH THE KIND THAT HOLDS YOU

look around, know it isn't true

THE FRUIT SHOULDN'T FALL TOO FAR FROM
THE TREE

we are all one, all equal

THEY AREN'T YOUR KIND

oh, but they are

THEY DON'T LOOK LIKE YOU

it's what's inside that counts

THEIR LIVES DON'T MATTER

does yours?

THEY ARE NOT LIKE US

we aren't like them

THEY AREN'T PERFECT

who is?

THEY ACT DIFFERENT

we all act different

THEY ARE A DIFFERENT COLOUR

aren't we all?

Honourable Mention
Joline Quaife-Donnelly
Grade Nine
Bluffton School
Bluffton

Voices From The Past

As I walked through the forest
Filled with dry leaves that fell
During the cold autumn day
I heard them behind me....

I could hear them calling to me
They wanted something
I heard their laughter and their tears
The joys and the tears of the past

Their warm autumn days filled with work
The harvest season that was in full bloom
People all together helping each other
On the farms of the past

At night the fires in the fireplaces
Of the houses made of straw and stone
The sound of music from father's fiddle
It was so clear from the past

But as I thought of our own world today
People striving for themselves
Houses made of cement
Music from the world of others

And They had been simple, honest people
With the passion of the outdoors
And no fear of the end of the world
Just a life to live that was so calm

And I heard them calling to me
They wanted something
And I realized what they wanted
They wanted me to remember

Just simply to remember....

Honourable Mention
Cheryl Strautman
Grade Nine
Beaumont School
Beaumont

THE CRASH

Listening to the radio,
Looking at a picture of you.
He took you away from me,
And there's nothing I can do.

Remembering that night on the road
Listening to your soft voice singing,
Remembering the crash of metal
Listening to the sirens ringing.

Lying in my hospital bed,
Wondering what happened to you,
That's when the doctor came into my room
and broke me the painful news.

He said you had been killed instantly
Cause from injuries to the head.
The drunk driver walked away,
Oh God I wish I were dead.

Listening to the radio,
Looking at a picture of you.
He took you away from me,
And there's nothing I can do.

First Place
Holly Clark
Grade Ten
Buck Mountain Central School
Winfield

Suicide

A tear rolls down her cheek
No words does she speak.
The wind whispers in her ear,
But she does not hear.
The rain trickles down her hair,
But she does not care.
She is slowly losing touch with reality.
She is only a glimmer of what used to be.
She seems to feel no joy or pain,
As she walks blindly through the rain.
Her world turns to a greyish blur.
And the hurt inside threatens to swallow her.
In a fleeting instance,
Her world turns black,
Now it's final,
She can never turn back.

Honourable Mention
Capri Rasumssen
Grade Ten
Lindsay Thurber
Comprehensive High School
Red Deer

THE BLACK CASE

THE GIRL WITH THE PRETTY FACE,
AND HER BIG BLACK CASE,
SITS ALONE ON THE EDGE OF THE SIDEWALK
WATCHING THE CLOCK
AS CROWDS OF PEOPLE WALKING BY
THEY'RE STARING AT HER AS SHE STARES
BACK AT THEM
HER CLOTHES ARE DIRTY AND HER FACE IS
SMUDGED WITH MAKE-UP AND DIRT.
IF ONLY SHE DIDN'T HOLD SUCH A GRUDGE.
HER JEWELRY IS FAKE GOLD.
BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER CAUSE SHE'S
HUNGRY,
TIRED AND COLD.
WITH NO MONEY OR NO PLACE TO GO.
IF ONLY SHE HAD A LOVING HOME.
SHE WOULDN'T HAVE RUN AWAY
THAT DREARY DAY!

THE GIRL WITH THE PRETTY FACE,
AND HER BIG BLACK CASE
SITS ALONE AGAIN
ON THE STREET MARKED MAIN
WATCHING THE PEOPLE GO BY
SUDDENLY SEEING SOMETHING THAT
ATTRACTS HER EYE
SHE LOOKS UP AND SEES THE STRANGER
BUT DOESN'T REALLY SEE HIM, ONLY HIS
ANGER
IF ONLY SHE DIDN'T TAKE AND USE THOSE
DRUGS OR MUG
THE LADY AND TAKE THE PURSE
HE WOULDN'T BE HERE AND IT WOULDN'T
HAVE GOTTEN WORSE
NOR WOULD SHE BE IN FEAR
SHE TURNS TO RUN BUT CAN'T FIND A PLACE
TO HIDE
WISHING THAT SHE HAS ALREADY DIED
SHE TURNS TO FACE HIM
BUT CAN'T REALLY SEE HIM, IN THE LIGHT
THAT'S SO VERY DIM

HE LOOKS AT HER WICKED SMILE
AND RIPS UP HER FILE
HE RAISES A GUN TO HER HEAD
AND FIRES....THERE SHE DROPS DEAD.

THE POLICE CAME
TO THE STREET MARKED MAIN
TO DISCOVER THE GIRL'S PAIN
ACROSS HER PRETTY FACE
IF ONLY THEY CAME SOONER
NONE OF THIS WOULD HAVE TOOK PLACE
AND THE GIRL WITH THE PRETTY FACE
AND HER BIG BLACK CASE
IS NO MORE....

Honourable Mention
Amanda Alexander
Grade Ten
Buck Mountain Central School
Winfield

Snow

Snow is cold and heartless
they say;
It covers the green trees and blows
the heat away,
It is a time for death and long
hibernation;
A time for freezing in place
all creation.

But mine is a different
view of snow;
One of freshness and of
light glow.

Snow gives the
night light;
And the sky neon colours
shining bright.

Snow gives the land
purity and grace;

It dresses the trees
in long white lace.

Snow is a time when everything
moves slow;

But mine is a different, a different
view of snow.

First Place
Davin Vande Beek
Grade Eleven
Lindsay Thurber
Comprehensive High School
Red Deer

SOMETIMES I WONDER

Sometimes I wonder
What the world would be like
Without all its glorious wonders.

Without the dazzling blue sky
And the puffy, pearly clouds
Surrounding us day by day.

Without the sun standing radiantly
Shining its magnificent glow
Down on the absorbing soil.

Without the thunderous mountains
Towering powerfully above the rest
Watching the world beneath.

Without the majestic forests
The sparkling trees whisking in the breeze
Growing tall and colouring the modest ground.

Without the tranquil rainbow lakes
Spreading deep into the sphere
Sharing mysteries and secrets of their own.

Without the gentle rolling rivers
Filling the bottomless cracks of the earth
Happily flowing endlessly.

Sometimes I wonder
What the world would be like
Without all its glorious wonders.

Honourable Mention
Susan Whitehead
Grade Eleven
Rimbey Junior/Senior
High School
Rimbey

The Lesson

What ever happened to the world that only had
days that were young,
When life had the goodness of an orange,
When dandelions were pretty enough to wear in
your hair,
When it didn't hurt to be yourself,
And you could see the sun, all the time.
In the winter, we would play in the icicles hanging
on
a roof nearby,
Meltable diamonds, their water clean and clear.

Then the hardness of reality crept in,
You soon learn that it takes more than a band-aid or
a kiss, to
make the pain go away.
That you can't play with the boy next door, because
the "dirt"
does not come off his hands.
That there's no such thing as the Easter Bunny,
and that dandelions are just weeds.

This is the End of the Innocence
You begin to look through different eyes,
and one day, after studying the war at school
Discussing the pros and cons of capital
punishment,
and listening to the jokes about the boy with the
crossed eyes
and the slow mind,
I walk home.

Going up the steps, I see an icicle
I knock it off, not thinking,
and watch it break in the snow that's falling from
the bleak, grey sky.
And for a second I wonder,
Who would want to break an icicle,
Something that is so cold and hard,
But will melt if you hold it in your hand.

Honourable Mention
Brandy Basisty
Grade Eleven
Wetaskiwin Composite
High School
Wetaskiwin

THE LESSON

We reach out to new horizons
In conquest of opportunities.
Like a fire that reaches out
To taste new possibilities.
We will change to survive,
Like a snowflake
That changes to a drop of water
Never diminishing.
We are confused...
Like snow in a windstorm
Momentarily lost in space.
We will find ourselves
Like the snow
When the wind has stopped.
We are strong,
Like an icicle
That clings for life
To the branch of a tree.
Sometimes we break
Like a palm tree in a hurricane...
No strength left to fight...
Falling to its end.
But we are also special,
Like those palm trees that stand tall
After the hurricane has passed.
The strongest survive.
This is the world.

First Place
Steven Mann
Grade Twelve
*Rimbey Junior/Senior
High School*
Rimbey

HURRY, HURRY CHILD

Hurry, hurry child
For you are going to be late.

The child, enjoying his sleep, was awakened at eight
To hear his mother yell,
“Hurry, hurry child
For you are going to be late.”

The child tried to enjoy his breakfast
But he heard his father say,
“Hurry, hurry child
For you are going to be late.”

The child tried to enjoy the fresh air,
But his bus driver exclaimed,
“Hurry, hurry child
For you are going to be late.”

The child playing outside with friends
Was urged on by a teacher yelling,
“Hurry, hurry child
For you are going to be late.”

The child rushed to meet his grandfather,
But his grandfather said,
“Slow down my child,
For you are young and life is great.”

Honourable Mention
Carmen Duffy
Grade Twelve
Buck Mountain Central School
Winfield

BUT NOT LONELY

Down an empty sidewalk
walking, plodding
shuffling in crunchy leaves
whistling into the
crisp, clear autumn air.

Step on a crack -

Break your mother's back.
all alone,
but not lonely

Then,
down an empty sidewalk
walking, plodding
(coming ever closer)
shuffling in crunchy leaves
I haven't come to yet

Silence is broken
my solitude shattered
(for a moment)
plodding past,
hands in pockets,
rubber tread shoes
hugging the sidewalk with intensity,
almost pausing, brief glance
a semi-smile - awkward - greeting,
and then
again alone.

Down an empty sidewalk
Walking plodding
alone,
but not lonely.

Honourable Mention
MaryAnne Pilling
Grade Twelve
*Wetaskiwin Composite
High School
Wetaskiwin*

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Volunteer Judges

Grades 3, 7, 12

Dr. Doreen Sturla-Scott, Lacombe

Erika Newsham, Innisfail

Grades 4, 8, 9,

Marilyn Hehr, Wetaskiwin

Janeen Werner-King, Wetaskiwin

Grades 5, 9

David Berezan, Wetaskiwin

Kathleen Evans, Millet

Grades 6,10

Jackie Moorhouse, Innisfail

Hilda Henkelman, Ponoka



Stephansson House Provincial Historic Site

1991 PARADE OF POETRY

Sponsors

The following organizations and businesses have generously provided prizes for Honourable Mention categories:

Kerry Woods Nature Centre Association, Red Deer

Camrose Arts Society, Camrose

Hola Community Society

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Edmonton Icelandic Society, Edmonton

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Blurb's - The Bookstore, Wetaskiwin

Stephan G. Stephansson Icelandic Society, Markerville

Vonin Icelandic Ladies Club, Markerville

Severna Nash Books, Red Deer